THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

VOL. VIII.] *Saturday, April* 15....1809. [NO. 25.

THE DOG OF MELAI.

(Continued.)

"SOON afterwards they brought me a man, whom they accused of murderous intentions towards his nephew. His defender was, strange enough, the nephew himself. He refuted the accusers so warmly by a relation of the numerous benefits which his uncle had conferred on him; conducted the cause of the accused in so much superior a manner to the defendant himself; showed so noble a confidence in the virtues of others, such experience, capacity, eloquence, and humanity, that he soon possessed himself of my heart. I drew him from his mediocrity, bestowed on him one honourable post after another, and found him in every respect so useful, that I declared him my first vizier, and conferred on him the name of Ebn Machmud. My son grew up: he was the handsomest youth in the whole kingdom, and the most accomplished in every manly exercise. His soul was also truly worthy of the body it inhabited; he ended, fortunately, a couple of short campaigns against a neighbouring foe, and when returned with fame and victory, he still remained the modest youth, the dutiful son he was before he went.

"Who would not now have considered me one of the most fortunate of mankind; who would not have imagined my prosperity unalterable? A wife, so lovely and good! a vizier, so experienced and tried! both the more deeply indebted to me, as the lower I found, the higher I had exalted them. A successor to my throne, who appeared to dread, rather than wish my death; subjects who adored me! Peace without, prosperity within, in the middle of a well-spent life, yet with all the powers of youthful health; and lastly, all this connected with that bliss so seldom found in cottages, scarcely ever on a throne; with the greatest of all blessings, a conscience without a stain! Oh how much was I then to be envied; how useless appeared to me the paternal caution, and the paternal ring; but, alas! how much too soon was I in want of the latter!

"Notwithstanding the warmth of my love, I yet knew little, or not all, jealousy, the general failing attendant on this passion. Guima-

nac was mistress of my heart, and greatly as the custom of the country and rank decreed the reverse, also mistress of her freedom. By little cheerful suppers, some of my courtiers were often permitted to see her while they attended on us; yes! more than once I laid aside all majesty, and suffered Ebn Machmud to sit by my side, and partake of our meal.

"I have never yet learnt, whether perhaps in the beginning, from some remains of faith and gratitude, Ebn Machmnd did not endeavour to suppress those inclinations, which soon mastered his whole heart; but this I unhappily too soon experienced, that a rival is to be feared, even by a monarch. For as the vizier, during my gove nment, could not have any hopes of embezzling the best jewel in my crown, the perfidious being conceived the expedient of setting himself up as lord over Indostan. Perhaps he already perceived something in the eyes of the beautiful Gulmanac, which gave to a young fascinating man, a marked preference over the husband of fifty years; perhaps, he also knew the hearts of women, generally speaking, but too well, not to know that by every change of fortune, their affections are less liable to change.

"His endeavours and ideas were now directed towards acquiring a party amongst the populace, and he soon succeeded but too well; for when I before observed, that I was adored by my subjects, I certainly meant merely the greatest part of them. The presumptuous idea of being universally beloved, is madness in any brain, and would be treble madness in the head of a monarch. He will ever give offence to some, while he satisfies others; even while he is parentally employed for the welfare of the whole, he will disappoint the expectations, or at least the advantage of individuals. Moreover, with me the discontented party was the smallest, it is true, in number, but the most formidable in power—the party of the warriors. My peaceful government deprived them of the rich plunder which they had often obtained under my father! With displeasure they saw *that* protected through peaceful policy, which they could alone appropriate, and at the same time destroy, under cover of the sword. Their discontents did not escape the observation of Ebn Machmud; he stirred them up to demand war, and higher pay; me he persuaded to deny both; and hardly had the unfortunate No passed my lips, when he himself—the now unmasked traitor—stood at their head, and talked to me the language of a rebel!

"Necessity forced me now to the most dreadful of all expedients—to a civil war. My loyal subjects collected numerously around me; to my son I appointed the station of field-marshal. Twice he was victorious; in the third ac-

tion he fell. When they brought me his corpse, I threw myself upon it disconsolate; yet one of his most confidential slaves blunted the keen edge of this affliction, by the intelligence of a still greater misery. He produced papers, which proved undeniably that Ebn Machmud, by a pretended account of dangers prepared for him by Gulmanac, had shaken the love of my own son towards me; that his breaking with me was only delayed on account of the partition of some provinces; that my son, forced by his army, had unwillingly given the last battle; and in it had fallen, contrary to Machmud's express orders, and solely through the ignorance of one of the enemy's soldiers.

"Had the perfidy of my favourite before wounded my inmost feelings, how much more so must the death and the guilt of my only son! I now took up arms myself; my people appeared to view me at their head with transport; my arms were by far superior to the rebel legions, and the next meeting could not but prove decisive.

"The armies soon met, for passion forced me on, and love goaded Ebn Machmud. Already my right wing was, under me, victorious; the left was led by Myn Narkuli, a brave warrior, whom my father in anger had once condemned to death, and whose life I had saved. To whom could I more securely entrust myself, than to the man who had to thank me for his existence? yet *he* betrayed me. In the heat of battle, he went over to the enemy, and with him the greater part of his division; the remainder naturally dispersed; my already victorious army fell into disorder, and a single quarter of an hour precipitated me from power and grandeur, into flight and misery.

"With the look and tone of distraction, I flew to the tent of Gulmanac, and conjured her to mount the swiftest horse, and follow me to the nearest fortress. I know, exclaimed I, that there imprisonment, and lastly, death, will be our fate; but let us die as we have lived!

"The wretch requested me to submit to the victor; offered herself to entreat his compassion: offered herself—Ah, I know not to what the abandoned creature offered herself! It is enough that I found her also to be unquestionably faithless. It was now no longer in my power to repress my rage; I drew a dagger, and would have stabbed the unworthy wretch. Her fearful shrieks brought several of my officers, and I for the first time perceived that I no longer was the sovereign before whom every knee bent; only the day before, that being against whom my arm had been uplifted, would have immediately been pierced through with ten daggers; now my arm was arrested, the miserable object

removed, and the deadly weapon wrested from my hands. It was, it is true, with the voice of pacification; it is true it had yet all the appearance of servility, the form of submission; but I too clearly saw through the thin disguise, and no longer confided in any being around me.

"Messenger after messenger informed me of the total rout of my forces, and the nearer approach of Ebn Machmud. I threw myself across my swiftest horse: Who yet loves me, exclaimed I, let him follow me! About fifty, out of more than one hundred thousand, followed. Most of them were secret enemies of Ebn Machmud: they followed out of hatred to him, not of zeal to me. The fortress in which I intended to take a refuge, was distant about a day's journey. A wood lay between; night was fast approaching; we rode for life or death. The wood was gained—it was midnight—our horses had not power to proceed; we were obliged to halt. I now numbered my companions, the fifty were reduced to ten; the remainder, either fatigue or repentance had detained. Bitterly I laughed aloud; spoke not one word, and threw myself on the grass; around me lay my attendants. Sorrow, rage, anxiety, revenge, jealousy, and a hatred of life, possessed me entirely; yet weariness and hunger were still more predominant than either of the other passions. I fell asleep, and when I awoke after a few hours, I perceived by the twilight, that I was alone. How my companions stole away, I know not. Not far from me grazed my horse, and at my feet lay my dog.

"Enough, and more than enough have I entertained you with the relations of infamous beings; it is pleasing to myself, that at last I can describe one of a better class. Yet, to make it more easily understood by you, I must first mention what sort of a dog this was.

"Among all the different kinds of hunting I preferred the chase of the tiger alone, because it appeared to me the most useful to the welfare of my subjects. At one of these, I saw a very young, but furious one, lacerated and weltering in his blood; I killed the tiger at the very moment he intended giving the death-stroke to his enemy. The poor animal grieved me; I ordered him to be taken up, and as I usually carried about me in all those dangerous sports, a most excellent balsam, I poured a few drops of it into the wounds of the dog: the alleviation he felt from it, changed his hitherto violent cries into a gentle moaning, and in the midst of this moaning, he thankfully licked my hand.

"I reiterated my commands, to take the utmost care of him. It was done; the dog recovered, and as I had made repeated enquiries after him, he was brought to me as soon as he was healed. He

knew me, and as if he were sensible that I solely had been the preserver of his life, he caressed me so joyfully, and in so pleasing a manner, that he was from that hour my favourite, and to have separated him from me alive, would have been almost an impossibility, so great was the attachment he shewed for me. My companion by day, my guardian by night, he had followed me every where in the camp, and in my flight; I found him still with me when all that had the power of escaping had deserted me.

"Think of it as meanly as you please; the former sovereign of Indostan, now embraced his last faithful friend, more warmly than he would have embraced those who had given him back a throne and empire. I then threw myself on my horse, and continued my flight; but no longer towards the fortress, for I was but too sure, that its doors would remain shut to me.

[*To be concluded next week.*]

MY UNCLE JOHN

Died a batchelor at the age of sixty-three, though he had been all his life trying to get married, and always thought himself on the point of accomplishing his wishes. His disappointments were not owing either to the deformity of his mind or person; for in his youth he was reckoned handsome, and I myself can witness for him that he had as kind a heart as ever was fashioned by heaven; neither were they owing to his poverty, which sometimes stands in an honest man's way; for he was born to the inheritance of a small estate which was sufficient to establish his claim to the title of one well to do in the world.—The truth is, my uncle had a prodigious antipathy to doing things in a hurry.—"A man should consider," said he to me once, "that he can always get a wife, but cannot always get rid of her. "For my part, (continued he, "I am a young fellow with the world before me, (he was but about forty!) and am resolved to look sharp, weigh matters well, and know what's what, before I marry:—in short, Launce, *I don't intend to do the thing in a hurry, depend upon it.*". On this whimwham he proceeded; he began with young girls, and ended with widows. The girls he courted, until they grew old maids, or married out of pure apprehension of incurring certain penalties hereafter; and the widows not having quite as much patience, generally at the end of the year, while the good man thought himself in the high road to success, married some *harum-scarum* young fellow, who had not such an antipathy to *doing things in a hurry.*

My uncle would have inevitably sunk under these repeated disappointments—for he did not want

sensibility—had he not hit upon a discovery which set all to rights at once. He consoled his vanity—for he was a little vain, and soothed his pride, which was his master passion—by telling his friends very significantly, while his eyes would flash triumph, "*that he might have had her.*" Those who know how much of the bitterness of disappointed affection arises from wounded vanity, and exasperated pride, will give my uncle credit for this discovery.

My uncle had been told by a prodigious number of married men, and had read an innumerable quantity of books, that a man could not possibly be happy, except in the marriage state; so he determined at an early age to marry, that he might not lose his only chance for happiness. He accordingly forthwith paid his addresses to the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman farmer, who was reckoned the beauty of the whole world—a phrase by which the honest country people mean nothing more than the circle of their acquaintance, or that territory of land which is within sight of the smoke of their own hamlet.

This young lady, in allusion to her beauty, was highly accomplished, for she had spent five or six months at a boarding-school in town, where she learned to work pictures in satin, and paint sheep, that might be mistaken for wolves, to hold up her head, sit straight in her chair, and to think every species of useful acquirement beneath her attention.

When she returned home, so completely had she forgotten every thing she knew before, that on seeing one of the maids milking a cow, she asked her father, with an air of the most enchanting ignorance, "what that odd looking thing was doing to that queer animal?" The old man shook his head at this, but the mother was delighted at these symptoms of gentility, and so enamoured of her daughter's accomplishments, that she actually got framed a picture, worked in satin by the young lady. It represented the Tomb scene, in Romeo and Juliet: Romeo was dressed in an orange-coloured cloak, fastened round his neck with a large golden clasp, a white satin tamboured waistcoat, leather breeches, blue silk stockings, and white topt boots. The amiable Juliet shone in a flame coloured gown, most gorgeously bespangled with silver stars, a high-crown muslin cap that reached to the top of the tomb;—on her feet she wore a pair of short-quartered high-heeled shoes, and her waist was the exact fac-similie of an inverted suger-loaf. The head of the "noble Paris" looked like a chimney-sweeper's brush that had lost its handle; and the cloak of the good Friar hung about him as gracefully as the armour of a rhinoceros. The good lady considered this picture as a splendid

proof of her daughter's accomplishments, and hung it up in the best parlour, as an honest tradesman does his certificate of admission into that enlightened body, yclept the Mechanic Society.

With this accomplished young lady then, did uncle John become deeply enamoured, and as it was his first love, he determined to bestir himself in an extraordinary manner. Once at least in a fortnight, and generally on a Sunday evening, he would put on his leather breeches, (for he was a great beau) mount his grey horse Pepper, and ride over to see Miss Pamela, though she lived upwards of a mile off, and he was obliged to pass close by a churd-yard, which at least a hundred creditable persons would swear was haunted! Miss Pamela could not be insensible to such proofs of attachment, and accordingly received him with considerable kindness; her mother always left the room when he came, and my uncle had as good as made a declaration, by saying one evening very significantly, "that he believed he should soon change his condition," when some how or other, he got a tremendous *flea in his ear*, he began to think he was *doing things in too great a hurry*, and that it was high time to consider: so he considered near a month about it, and there is no saying how much longer he might have spun the thread of his doubts, had he not been roused from this state of indecision, by the news of his mistress being married to an attorney's apprentice, who she had seen the Sunday before, at church, where he had excited the applause of the whole congregation, by the invincible gravity with which he listened to a dutch sermon. The young people in the neighbourhood laughed a good deal at my uncle on the occasion, but he only shrugged his shoulders, looked mysterious, and replied, "*Tut, boys! I might have had her.*"

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF MANTACCINI,

The famous CHARLATAN of Paris

From a French Journal.

A YOUNG man of good family, having in a few years squandered a large estate, and reduced himself to absolute want, felt that he must exercise his ingenuity, or starve. In this state of mind he cast his eyes round to observe the various devices which save from indigence, and are most favoured by Fortune. He soon perceived that Charlatanism was that on which this blind benefactress lavished her favours with the most pleasure, and in the greatest abundance. An adroit and loquacious domestic was the only remaining article of his former grandeur; he dressed him up in a gold-laced livery, mounted a splendid chariot, and started on the tour under the name, style, and title of the celebrated Doctor Mantaccini, who cures all diseases with a sin-

gle touch, or a single look. This precious art was possessed by too many of his brethren, to draw after him the whole town; he therefore undertook a country excursion and modestly announced himself at Lyons as the celebrated Doctor Mantaccini, who revives the dead at will.—To remove all doubt, he declared that in fifteen days he'd go to the common church-yard and restore to life its inhabitants, though buried several years. This declaration excited a general rumour, and violent murmurs against the doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the magistrate, and requested he might be put under an arrest, to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. The proposition inspired the whole city with the greatest confidence—thousands came to consult doctor Mantaccini, and purchase his *baume de vie*. His consultations, always well paid, were so numerous, he had scarce time to eat and drink. At length the famous day approached, and the doctor's valet, fearing for his shoulders, began to show uneasiness. "You know nothing of mankind, (said the doctor to him) be quiet." Scarcely had he spoken these words, when the following letter was presented from a rich citizen. "The great operation, doctor, which you are going to perform, has broke my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a perfect termagant, and I am unhappy enough already, without her resurrection. In the name of heaven, do not make the experiment. I will give you two hundred Louis, to keep your secret to yourself." In an instant after, two dashing beaux arrived, who, with the most earnest supplications, entreated him not to revive their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, as in such an event, they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of one hundred louis, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance.—Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of the doctor, and with sobs and sighs implored his mercy. In short, from morn till night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess that absolutely overwhelmed him.

The minds of the citizens were so differently and violently agitated, some by fear and others by curiosity, that the chief magistrate of the city waited upon the doctor, and said, "Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our church-yard, the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe, that our city is in the greatest uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution the success of your experiment must produce in every family. I entreat you, therefore, not to attempt it, but to depart, and thus restore the

tranquillity of the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents I shall give you an attestation in due form, under our seal, that you can revive the dead, and that it was our fault we were not eye-witnesses of your power. The certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Doctor Mantaccini went to work new miracles in some other city. In a short time he returned to Paris, loaded with gold, where he laughed at popular credulity, and spent immense sums in luxury and extravagance.

::::::::::::::

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

MR. EDITOR,

My motive for sending you the following narrative, is not a wish to gain applause by the *music* of my periods, or the originality of ideas; but to awaken an unhappy young man to a sense of his disgraceful situation, and to deter others from suffering their passions to lead them into the same excesses, which not only deprive them of all sublunary happiness, but will eventually make them miserable in a future life. Should it ever meet the eyes of MERCANTIUS, he will recognize in BENEVOLIO a friend, than whom no one wishes more sincerely for his welfare.

MERCANTIUS was born in the village of E——; his parents were in a respectable situation, and, though they had several daughters, being an only son, he received a large share of their tenderness, and was educated in the best manner their means would allow of. When at a proper age, was apprenticed to a merchant in this city with whom he remained till the age of twenty-one. Enabled by a liberal patronage, he entered into business on his own account. The profits arising from trade were considerable, and he was in a fair way to become rich and respectable; when unfortunately, one evening he was lured to a house of ill-fame, by one of his companions, less virtuous than himself. He there imbibed those seeds of vice which have since arrived at maturity, and which, like the ivy, have wound around the trunk, and sucked the verdure from it—to speak in plainer terms, he was fleeced of his money by a set of unprincipled *Gamblers!* and, to drive away the thoughts of his guilt, had recourse to intoxication! In hopes of retrieving his losses, he returned the next evening with a large sum—the event was the same. Hope, however, did not forsake him, and he was carried away in the stream of dissipation, till he had exhausted all the cash he could command. From that time his only associates were *gamblers* and *Drunkards*, and he was never happy, except when in a state of beastly intoxication! The consequences are obvious—he became a bankrupt, both in wealth and reputation. By the as-

sistance of his relations, he was enabled to extricate himself from pecuniary difficulties, but gained nothing by experience. As he was a good accountant, he however obtained a large salary as a clerk in a merchant's Compting-House, and hopes were entertained that he would once more return to the paths of virtue—but these proved vain—the entreaties of his friends, the prayers and tears of his parents, and sisters, were of no avail, and he is at present a melancholy picture of human nature in its most degraded state. The earnings of the day are spent at the tavern at night—his companions are of the most dissolute cast, and the taverns he resorts to, are the meanest that disgrace our city.

Thus, Mr. Editor, have I drawn a picture of the once happy and virtuous MERCANTIUS. If he can read it without shnddering, he must be lost indeed—if he is insensible to all earthly ties, yet let him dread the vengeance of an insulted God! When at the last day he appears before that awful tribunal, what excuse can he offer for a life thus spent? I beg, I conjure him, to reflect seriously, nor treat lightly a subject which involves such important consequences.

By publishing this, you may promote a laudable design, and oblige

your humble servant,

BENEVOLIO.

CHEVIOT will perceive that I have taken some liberties with his effusion. Some asperities are omitted, for which he will not, I am inclined to think, in cooler moments, blame me. I fancy he has mistaken MARIA. There is indeed a pleasing gaiety of style, but is it calculated to offend?

MR. EDITOR,

In the last number of the Miscellany, a person who signs herself or himself, Maria, addresses me in an unusual strain of irony. As I have never courted public notice, but merely have written for my own amusement, I must confess I was surprised at so pointed a satire.

As I know of no other medium but your paper, through which to address *Miss* Maria, I must trouble you to insert the enclosed.

TO MISTER MARIA.

If my "style" has unfortunately betrayed me, your sentiments, sir, have betrayed you. Did you flatter yourself that so thin a web as the name you have assumed, could conceal the writer? I could have forgiven your sarcasm had you not somewhat injured the sex you ought to revere, by palming upon the world your sentiments, under the name of a female!

Your design, Sir, *may* have been to *reclaim*, and it *may* have sprung from the purest motives, dictated by the effusions of a heart filled with philanthropy; but, sir, your

knowledge of human nature must be very limited, if you do not know that our feelings revolt at the most salutary advice, when the heart is wounded by the lash of ricule.

Whether the name of Eliza is fictitious or not, you never could have known. And as to ———, I have not patience to answer.—But you may be assured, that the mere knowledge of her existence affords me more happiness than your heart could ever experience, were every angel of bliss subservient to your command. In future, I shall screen myself under a deeper veil, to avoid your obtrusion.

CHEVIOT.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Ladies Walking Dress.

A POLISH bonnet and mantle of gold coloured velvet, with an invisible hood, trimmed with ermine; an antique collar, fastened with a gold ornament in front, in form of a shell. *Morning dress*—white muslin Brussels spot, with a worked stomacher, and trimmed down the front, and at the bottom; worked long and hanging sleeves, twisted and fastened at the wristband with a small gold ornament, of the same form as that which fastens the mantle and cincture of the dress; sandals of gold and coloured cloth, laced with brown cords and tassels; Yorktan gloves.

Evening Full Dress.

A white satin Spanish hat, with a diamond loop, and Spanish plume; diamond ear-rings, and necklace; the hair full, in ringlets; a white satin dress, full trimmed with blue velvet, with a lace medicis round the back and shoulders; an antique stomacher, ornamented with diamonds, mounted in gold; white satin shoes, with gold bows, white gloves and fan.

General Observations.

Nacarat, royal purple and gold are the most prevailing colours for pelisses and mantles, which are made of various materials, cloth, velvet, brecade, sarsenet, and satin, according to the fancy of the wearer. Head ornaments, Spanish hats, and caps decorated with feathers, flowers, pearls, or diamonds, according as the occasion requires. Morning Dress, cloth, sarsenet, brussels spotted muslin, trimmed with embroidery. Evening Dress, satin, velvet, brocade, sarsenet, with gold or silver ornaments, and trimmings.

Gentlemen.

The prevailing colours are dark brown, and bottle green. The coat for evening dress is cut rather long in the waist, and short in the skirts, double breasted, with pointed lappels, corresponding in length to the hip button; the lappels are padded to fall back with the collar, which is made pretty high, and stitched narrow, the collar to fall back about an inch and a half;

deep pockets under the cross flaps: the cuffs round.

The morning coat is made nearly in the same manner, only the pockets are in the plaits of the skirt, and the cuffs are either round or with a flap and three buttons. The buttons are either gilt, basket, or moulds covered with cloth. Waistcoats are made single breasted, with a small flap about two inches lower than the coat lappel. Breeches are not made so high by two or three inches, as they were, and the knee-band extends almost to the calf of the leg, with four buttons at the knee: they are made very tight, and the pantaloons are generally ornamented up the sides with braid.

RELIGIOUS COURTSHIP.

A YOUNG gentleman happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which was a young lady, for whom he conceived a most sudden and violent passion, and was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot. In order to effect this, (the place not suiting a formal declaration, response, &c.) the exigence of the case suggested the following—He politely handed his fair neighbour a bible, open, with a pin stuck in a certain text, to which she replied in like manner, and from which the succeeding courtship ensued.

Gent.—And now I beseech thee lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another.—2 Ep. John, ver. 5.

Lady.—Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?—Ruth 2. 10.

Gent.—Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full.—2 Epist. John, ver. 12.

Upon the above interview, the marriage took place the week following.

A person of large stature, and equally large in mind, strutting about at a public assembly, espied a man of his acquaintance, who was small, exclaimed, 'Ah, are you here too? being so little, I have just discovered you.' "Yes, (replied the other, very deliberately,) "I am somewhat like unto a sixpenny piece amidst six cents, not easily perceived, but in value worth the whole."

Bonaparte's tax upon the frail sisterhood may be objected to by rigid English moralists: but the

revolution, and the *philosophers* of that country, have introduced such a system of *mortals*, that it will be the most prosecutive *tax* ever levied, and will fall upon all classes with the utmost *impartiality*.

Two persons distinguished by their excrescences upon their backs, having accidentally come together in a public company, one of them turning round and rubbing his back against the others, exclaimed with great humor, 'Who the devil will dare to say, in future, that mountains never meet!

A good parson preaching upon the power of God, said he had created nothing but what was perfect in its kind. A hunch back wag waiting for him at the door, said, 'Father, I thank you for your sermon, but do you really think that I, for instance, am perfect in my kind?' 'Yes,' said the father gravely, a very perfect hunch-back surely.'

Drury-Lane Theatre, London, took fire on the evening of the 24th of Feb. and was burnt to the ground—Thus, within a few months, the two principal theatres of this great metropolis, have been destroyed.

MARRIED,

On Thusday evening the 6th inst. by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. John P. Decatur, of the U. S. navy, to Miss Maria Ten Eyke, daughter of the late Thomas Ten Eyke, Esq. all of this place.

At Jamaica L. I. last Saturday evening, by the rev. Mr. Fatouite. Mr. John Y. Cebra, Merchant of this city, to Miss Mary Herriman, of the former place.

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Willison, Mr. Samuel Sparks, to Miss Catherine Fink, daughter of Mr. Alexander Fink, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Miller, David M. Ross, Esq. to Miss Jane W. Greenwood

On the 5th inst. Mr. Thomas H. Brown, to Miss Harriet Wetherill.

Non Intercourse Ineffectual.

At Pelham, Mass. Mr. William McFall, aged 100, *to Widow Judith Perkins, aged* 79, *both Paupers.*

.....

DIED,

On Tuesday morning, after a short but painful illness, Mrs Hannah Samler, wife of Casper Samler, aged 33 *years.*

At Charante, (France) on the 7th of November last, of a lingering illness, Mr. Frederick Roorbach, only son of the late J. F. Roorbach, Esq. of this city, aged 21 *years. A young gentleman, whose loss will long be deplored by those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.*

On Wednesday evening, in the 70th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Scott.

Same evening, Mr Henery Swartwout of this city, in the 28th year of his age.

.....

Our city inspector reports the death of 38 *persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.*

MASTER PAYNE made his first appearance on the Boston Theatre, in the character of *Young Norval*, on the 3d inst. The following address, said to be from the pen of *Robert Treat Paine, Jun. Esq.* was delivered on the occasion, by Mr. Mills.

FRIENDS of the mimic world! our scenes this night
An age of fame has sanction'd to delight!
Oft to their aid the Fabling muse has come,
And call'd up Roscius, from his shroud at Rome!
WE, loath to wake again the classic ghost,
A native Roscius on our boards can boast.

A Shepherd Boy, in celtic fiction drest,
The fire of nature struggling in his breast—
Forsook his cottage to achieve a name,
And *found* a MOTHER, where he sought for FAME!
Proud from her hand, the laurel he receives,
While tears of rapture glitter on its leaves!

This night, a brother champion will advance,
In *Thespian* tournament to break the lance!
He throws no gauntlet at a critic age,
Nor dare with wits a rude encounter wage—
Yet like the *Norval* of a sterner clime,
He hopes a *boy's* ambition is no *crime!*
Like him, he dares aspire to *earn* a name;
Your *heart* his MOTHER, your *applause* his FAME!
Blest, if your eyes with beams of pleasure burn;
And humbly proud, if they correct, to learn!

Thus, would HE preface, with ingenuous tongue,
That *manly* worth, which should not pass unsung.
Tho' o'er his head *life's Spring* has scarcely smil'd,
A CLASSIC ACTOR *cannot* be a CHILD!
The *rays of fancy* youthful bosoms warm,
Learning and *life*, *maturer* minds inform!
Yet here in manhood's dawn, he dares to raise
The TORCH of *science* to the SHRINE of *praise!*
By *Genius* fir'd, he yields to passion's glow;
Nor *rules* by VERSE, the *prosody* of WOE!
The tear of FEELING, ART can ne'er supply;
The HEART must moisten, e'er it *melts* the EYE!

His caves of voice no measur'd thunders roll!
He speaks from *nature*, and he *looks* from soul!
In all the *Drama's* TECHNIC *lore* untaught,
He reads by sentiment, and moves by thought.
When love-lorn pathos pours its melting moan,
TRUTH's fibre trembles at his touching tone!

When o'er the scene contending passions fly,
He groups the shadows with a poet's eye—
And when his brows the Hero's plumes erect,
"The blood of Douglass, can *itself* protect!"
Through fiction's range, he gives, with skill profound,
Genius to GRACE, and *Eloquence* to SOUND!
The tragic code of artificial speech,
Taste may reject, or discipline may teach;
But, as the eye the trackless ridge explores,
Genius o'erleaps the cliff, where labour never soars!

A humble weed, transplanted from the waste,
Form'd the proud chapter of Grecian taste.
Chance dropp'd the weight its yielding foliage twin'd,
And droop'd with graceful negligence inclin'd—
Sculpture a model saw, to art unknown,
Copied the form, and turn'd the plant to stone!
The chissel'd weed adorn'd the Temple's head,
And gods were worshipp'd where its branches spread!
If in our Norval, candid judges find
Some kindred flower to grace the stage design'd;
If, *to the pressure*, FORTUNE has impos'd,
You owe those talents, Art had ne'er disclos'd;
If, like the grac'd *Aganthus* he appear,
Be you CALLYMACHUS, be CORINTH HERE!

THE MAD WANDERER.

THERE came to Grasmer's pleasant vale,
A stranger maid, in tatters clad;
Whose eyes were wild, whose cheek was pale,
While oft she cried—Poor Kate is mad.

Four words were all she'd ever say,
Nor would she shelter in a cot;
And e'en in winter's coldest day,
She still would cry—My brain is hot.

A look she had of better days;
And once, while o'er the hills she rang'd,
We saw her on her tatters gaze,
And heard her say—How Kate is chang'd.

Whene'er she heard the death-bell sound,
Her face grew dreadful to behold;
She started, trembled, beat the ground,
And shuddering, cried—Poor Kate is cold.

And when to church we brought the dead,
She came in ragged mourning drest;
The coffin-plate she trembling read,
Then laughing, cried—Poor Kate is blest.

But when a wedding-peal was rung,
With dark revengeful leer she smil'd,
And, curses mutt'ring on her tongue,
She loudly scream'd—Poor Kate is wild.

To be in Grasmer's church inter'd,
A corpse one day from far was brought;
Poor Kate the death-bell sounding, hear'd,
And reach'd the aisle as quick as thought.

When on the coffin looking down,
She started, scream'd, and back retir'd;
Then clasp'd it—breathing such a groan,
And with that dreadful groan expir'd.

.....

THE WIFE.

THE virtues that endear and sweeten life,
And form that soft companion call'd a *wife*
Demand my song. Thou who didst first inspire
The tender theme, to thee I tune the lyre:
Hail lovely WOMAN! nature's blessing, hail!
Whose charms o'er all the powers of man prevail:
Thou healing balm of life, which bounteous heav'n,
To pour on all our woes, has kindly given!
What were mankind without thee? or what joy,
Like thy soft converse, can his hours employ?

The dry, dull, drowsy *Bachelor* surveys,
Alternate, joyless nights and lonesome days;
No tender transports wake his sullen breast,
No soft endearments lull his cares to rest:
Stupidly free from nature's tenderest ties,
Lost in his own sad self, he lives and dies.

Not so the man to whom indulgent heaven
That tender bosom-friend, a *wife* has given;
Him, blest in her kind arms, no fears dismay,
No secret checks of guilt his mind allay;
No husband wrong'd, no virgin honour spoil'd,
No anxious parent weeps his ruin'd child!
No fell disease, no false embrace is here;
The joys are safe, the raptures are sincere.
Does Fortune smile! how grateful must it prove
To tread life's pleasing round with one we love?
Or does she frown! the fair with softening art,
Will soothe our woes, or bear a willing part!

.....

Lines worked on a hearth rug.

Fair one, take heed how you advance,
Nor tempt your own undoing;
If you're too *forward*, fearful chance!
A *Spark* may prove your *Ruin!*

TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY.

To be delivered to city subscribers at *one dollar* a volume, *to be paid for at the conclusion of the volume.* Persons residing out of this city, *to pay in advance.*

Postage of letters to the Editor must be paid, or their contents will not be attended to.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
EDWARD WHITELY,
NO. 46 FAIR-STREET—NEW-YORK.